

promise and it will be fulfilled. You know that I believe in foreign missions, and am working for that end, but if the Brethren church can not support two home missions, besides her other work she had better shut up shop and cease action. But the house will not be closed, the work is growing, and it will increase in power and success. Praise God for mission work.

## AN OPEN DOOR.

The door of opportunity is open, poverty is around us. You have read of Chicago's poverty. It is not exaggerated, the facts are not all told. It is not tramps that are suffering. The following is from a morning paper:

While on their regular tours of investigation and search for the worthy poor, the Volunteers of America often come upon peculiarly touching scenes. Yesterday afternoon a member of the army, in company of a Volunteer officer, visited one of the large apartment houses, in one of the most exclusive residence districts in the city. After climbing several flights of well-carpeted stairs they reached the garret. Here, in one small room, a family bearing all the marks of respectability and evidences of better days, were seated about a smoldering fire, and with pinched faces and trembling hearts looked into the apparent hopelessness of the future. Bearing a box well filled with food, the two soldiers entered. The demonstrations of gratitude and joy on the part of the family were beyond description. It was learned that the husband was a skilled workman, but unable to find employment, and so became reduced to a condition of want. This is only one case in thousands. The Volunteers need more food, fuel, and clothing, that they may meet the demands of the poor.

## MRS. TYLER'S PATHETIC STORIES.

"It is almost impossible," said Mrs. Tyler to a representative of THE EVENING POST, "to select any particular case as more striking and pitiable than the others. One is as bad as another and they are all about as miserable as possible. The hundreds of appeals all epitomize themselves, in my mind, into one composite impression of horror. The mother of several children who attend school came to me one day and begged for work. She was a nice appearing little woman and it was not until I questioned her closely that she would admit the full extent of her destitution. Then I learned that for several days, and perhaps weeks, the family had been living on onion soup and potatoes. Her supplies of this kind had given out and the day before her call they had been reduced to flour. 'I had no yeast to raise or lighten it with,' she said, 'but I mixed it with water and cooked it in the form of pancakes. It was no use. The children couldn't eat it and they went to school without anything. It's warmer at school than it is at our house these days.'

This wretched woman had walked from Thirty-third street to the old West Side high school building, where the aid society has its headquarters, in order to ask me for work. Another mother begged for shoes for her three little boys and said: 'Their oldest brother had just died from exposure because he had no shoes. Please don't let those that are left to me die for the same cause.' The requisitions for suits, dresses, underclothing and shoes are sent in by the principals and on the

back of the requisition blanks are hundreds of brief notes just as pathetic as these incidents which I have cited.

"Miss Summers, principal of the Kinzie school, told me that one little boy under her charge was apparently suffering, and she asked him the cause of his trouble. Placing his hand on his stomach, he answered: 'I've got a pain in here.' By a little investigation she found that he had partaken of neither supper nor breakfast. Instances of this kind may be multiplied without number from our records. Since this society was founded by Mrs. M. F. Tuley eight years ago it has never witnessed a season of such tremendous pressure as the present.

## OUR OWN WORK—

This is but little. I have no income of my own—nothing but what is sent in, and not enough of that. I had to leave my work and go out and do other work to pay rent. My wife wrote me as follows: "The box from Mulberry came Saturday night. We sent out three baskets Saturday night and one Sunday morning. Three of the families Sadie found after you left Saturday. She came home heart sick they were so much in need. The box was here when she got back and you better believe she was glad. We gave them clothes and food. Sadie said a little child not as big as Shirley Quindara, (less than five) had nothing on but a little petticoat, with nothing on its neck and arms or feet and little legs all bare." How would you mothers like to dress your children that way and in this weather, and no fuel in the house? Brethren, I am not asking for help for myself, but for these poor little souls, that what you throw away would open to them the gates of heaven. If there ever was a time to work for souls that time is now, but our prayers need to be backed up with food and clothes. God bless you all for what you have done.

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

## AN EXPLANATION.

About the middle of the month I sent a number of letters over the brotherhood, asking for an offering to help build a Brethren church at Woburn, eleven miles south of Hagerstown, Md. By to-day's mail I received a letter from a brother asking for particulars. Other brethren may prefer particulars before sending their cash. They are as follows: For six or eight years, Woburn has been a mission. God worked with his people. The result has been glorious. The preaching and Sunday-school work have been conducted in a county school house. Of late, an order of the County School Commissioners closes all school houses against night gatherings—preaching not excepted. I feel sure that you can now sympathize with us. Every cent that you send will be properly accounted for. Already

brethren John M. Freeland, Terra Alta, W. Va., and J. M. Tombaugh, Washington C. H., Ohio, have each sent a two dollar offering. Hoping this explanation satisfactory, I remain yours fraternally,

JOSHUA LONG.

Downsville, Md., Jan. 25, 1897.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that our beautiful lot, 100 by 200 feet is the gift of Mr. Alex. Armstrong, a Hagerstown lawyer.

J. L.

## AUBURN, IND.

I will try to give you a few gleanings from our congregation. We are in a grand revival meeting, only one week up to date, and thirteen precious souls have cried out as did the Philippain jailor, "What must I do to be saved?" They have said by their actions that they are willing to take God at his word and to pillow their dying heads on that grand old book, the Bible. Oh for more earnestness and more of the spirit. Brother Arthur Wirick came to this field of labor on Jan. 16, and commenced a series of meetings Saturday, Jan. 23. Brother Wirick is awakening both church and people up to their duty. He is a very able speaker and giving the best of satisfaction, and the prospects are bright for a large ingathering of souls. We have engaged Brother Wirick for the coming year as pastor of the Auburn class. Hoping to give you a more full report in the future. Yours for the right. CAL GRUBE.

## UNION SALEM.

It has been quite a while since anything has been heard from this place.

Brother Perry is still preaching for us and the work is moving on. He held meeting here for us on Saturday night, Jan. 30, Sunday and Sunday night. The sermons were instructive and beneficial. One accession on Sunday evening.

CORA A. BECKNELL.

## ALEPPO, PA.

As you have not heard from us for quite a while we think it is time that we give to the brotherhood what we are doing. We have been engaged in revival work conducted by brother I. D. Bowman, of Philadelphia, and brother J. M. Murray pastor of the church here. Up to this date 128 have confessed Christ. But we are still working for the conversion of the sinners, for there are many that are on the broad way that leads from a miserable life into a miserable eternity. I pray God's richest blessing upon them, may he cause them to turn their faces Zionward and be saved. Brother Bowman was not permitted to stay all through the meeting.

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